



Cursed



winged

cursed

28 0 1

Chapter 1 by VDB_UNO

"Augh!" I scream in agony.

The wings are hideous. They are black as a raven's and huge as well. I am abhorred by the sight of them. They poke out of my back like giant black feathered sails, shackled to my back! Why, oh, why had I listened to her? That hag! She tricked me!

_I had had a pedigree. But I also had skin with such a pallor, that people shuddered when I passed. I went to the famed witch. Famed for beauty potions, that is. She had said she would make me the most beautiful woman on earth! "Lynn, you are destined for greatness." She said. She gave me a cordial that was the color of the darkest night.

I drank it.

Then doubled over in pain and blacked out._

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I pull on my threadbare robe, trying to conceal my deformity and stumble out of my bedroom in a daze. The influx of people is overwhelming. I don't care. All

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I do care about was getting out of here, maybe even ending my agony, myself. I couldn't care less about anything... or anyone.

I make my way to the highest tower, determined to throw myself off the roof. My betrothed and beloved, Santiago, walks behind me trying to reason with me.

"It's not that bad, Lynn! It can't be! Because I still love you! Come, cleave with me, be my wife! I'll exonerate you from the rest of the world! You'll be improvising something important..." He profusely and glibly reconciles.

I stop.

"Do you? Do you really? Will you? With these?" I cry in agonized pain.

He doesn't answer so I plow up the stairs to the peak of the tower. I enter the room and take a deep breath, determined to end my misery. I walk calmly towards the window. I open the window and breathe in the sea air.

I'll miss that sight and smell, I think.

But my mind is made up.

I will leap.

I leap.

Screaming, I close my eyes, waiting for the sickening crack of my neck and then the precipitous darkness of annexed death. Nothing happens and I haphazardly look up. I look up and a black shape flaps above me. My wings. What a debacle. I land on the cornerstone of the courtyard. My glare at the people there seems to devitalize them of their strength.

So, I continue to embroil them beneath my gaze.

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